

The married wives Complaint of her unkind Husband;

O R,

A Caution for Maids to beware how they marry.

Here you may see in midst of all the strife,
A cross-graind Husband, and Obedient wife;
Patience perforce cures a Mad Dog they say,
So now she's bound, she knows she must obey.

To a very pleasant new tune, &c. *Jonny Armstrong*, or *True love rewarded with Loyalty*.



Come all young Maids that are to wed,
mark well the words that I shall say,
Before you come to the Marriage bed,
for when you are bound you must obey.
Wish I did lead a single life,
I had my pleasure every day,
I never knew what belong'd to strife,
But now I am bound I must obey.
I wish I had a maid remain'd,
milk the Cows, and making Hay,
But 'tis too late to call what's past,
for now I am bound I must obey.
Since that I have been made a wife,
I am torment'd day by day,
Which makes me weary of my life,
but as I am bound I must obey.

Early in the morning when I do rise,
to make my Cheese, and set my Whey,
Leaving my Husband in bed alone,
for as I am bound I must obey.
'Tis almost noon when he doth rise,
then to the Ale-house he takes his way,
And leaves me at home to eat barley-bread,
for as I am bound I must obey.
If I go beg of him with tears,
and say good Husband come away,
He puts then eyes about my ears,
for as I am bound I must obey.
He cries you baggage get you home,
and mind your knitting there I say,
For I will make you see to know,
that as you are bound you must obey.

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The second Part, to the same Tune,



Then am I glad for to be gone,
 for to avoide a further fray,
 And to my neighbours make my moan
 for as I am bound I must obey.
 'Tis late at night when he comes home,
 reeling and staggering all the way,
 His wits is gone, and his money's spent,
 but as I am bound I must obey.
 Then I cry sweet-heart lets go to bed
 the spoon is down, and it's almost day,
 He tye a Napkin about thy head,
 for as I am bound I must obey:
 I had far rather lye alone,
 when he is drunk, I dare to say;
 Snorting, and Snoring is all that's done,
 yet as I am bound I must obey.
 'T would make a woman almost mad,
 to be thus vexed night and day,
 But remedy none can be had,
 for as I am bound I must obey.
 Next morning when that he doth rise,
 instead of work, he goes to play
 Thus daily he my patience tries,
 but as I am bound I must obey.

Small Children God hath sent us three;
 I wash and mend them every day,
 My case is hard, as hard may be,
 but now I am bound I must obey.
 A fair Estate he hath me spent,
 and sent it packing all away,
 But it's too late now to repent,
 for as I am bound I must obey.
 When first we both together came,
 then we had gold and silver store,
 But the gold is gone, and the silver's spent;
 and now we must to work for more.
 We may go far yet turn at last,
 for so the Proverb old doth say,
 And make amends for all that's past;
 but as I am bound I must obey.
 Let gardeners all beware in time,
 example take by me, I say,
 I was, as you are, in my prime,
 but now I am bound I must obey.
 Far better had I buried been,
 then thus for to be cast away;
 Then had I never sorrow seen,
 but now I am bound I must obey.
 Fink.